

The Historie

hot as molten lead, & as heauie too: God keepe leade out of me,
I need no more weight then mine owne bowels, I haue led my
rag of Muffins where they are pepperd, theres not three of my
150. left aliue, and they are for the townes ende, to beg during
life: but who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What, stands thou idle here? lend me thy sword,
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,
Vnder the hooves of vaunting enemies,
whose deaths are yet vnreuegd: I preethe lend mee thy sword.

Falst. O Hal, I preethe giue me leaue to breath a while, Turke
Gregorie neuer did such deeds in armes as I haue don this day,
I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I preethe lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay before God Hal, if Percy be aliue: thou gets not my
sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me, what? is it in the case?

Falst. I Hal, tis hot, tis hot, theres that will sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to iest and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him. Exit.

Falst. Well if Percy be aliue, ile pierce him, if hee doe come in
my way so, if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make
a Carbonado of me, I like not such grinning honour as sir Wal-
ter hath, giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honor comes
vnlookt for, and theres an end.

*Alarme, excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn
of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland.*

King. I preethe Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too
Lord Iohn of Lancaster go you with him. (much,

P. Iohn. Not I my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your maiestie make vp,
Least your retirement do amaze your friends. (tent.

King. I will do so. My Lord of Westmerland lead him to his
tent. Come my Lord, ile lead you to your tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

of Henrie th

The Prince of Wales from such a
Where staine nobilitie lies troden

And rebels armes triumphe in ma

Ioh. We breath too long, come

Our dutie this way lies: For Gods

Prin. By God thou hast deceiui

I did not thinke thee Lord of such

Before I lou'd thee as a brother

But now I do respect thee as my

King. I saw him hold Lord Per

With lustier maintenance then I

Of such an vngrowne warrior.

Prin. O this boy lends mettall

Doug. Another king, they grow

I am the Douglas fatall to all thos

That weare those colours on them

That counterfetst the person of a

King. The king himself, who Dou

So many of his shadowes thou ha

And not the verie king, I haue two

Seeke Percy and thy selfe about t

But seeing thou fallest on me so luc

I will assay thee and defend thy se

Doug. I feare thou art another c

And yet in faith thou bearest thee

But mine I am sure thou art who c

And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the king being in den

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile Sco

Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spi

Of Valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt

It is the Prince of Wales that thre

Who neuer promiseth but he mea

They fight, Doug

Cheerly my Lord, how fares your

Sir Nicholas Gawfsey hath for succ

And so hath Clifton, ile to Clifton

King. Stay and breath a while,